

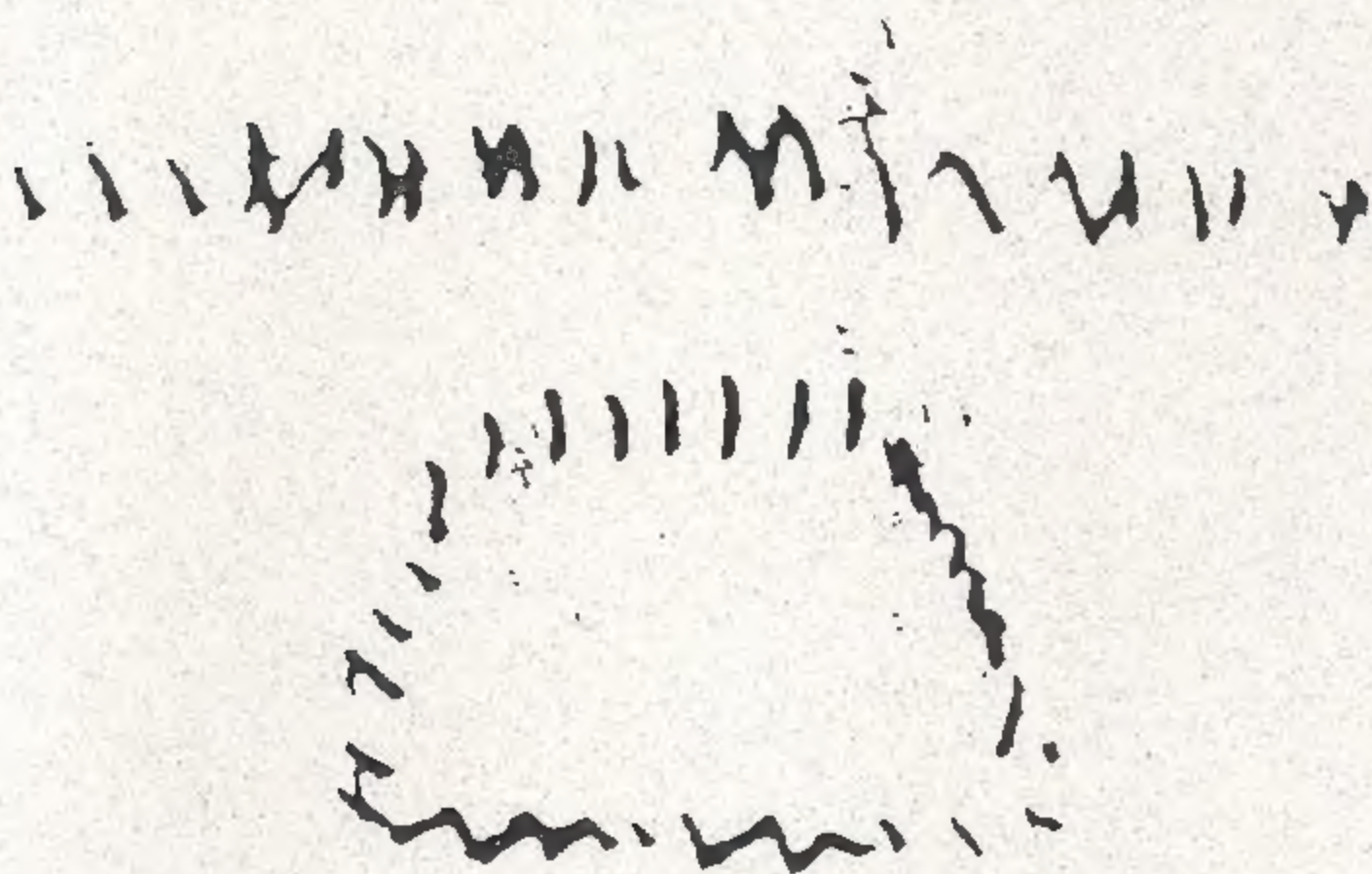
Serena





A slight rectangular depression began to appear in the lawn of my boyfriend's back yard. His parents thought it might have been caused by an old septic tank caving in on itself. Some neighbors guessed it was the former spot of an old flower bed. But I knew what it really was.

It was the burial site of a cryogenic chamber-- a chamber containing the frozen (yet living) body of Raymond Burr. He was being stored there until they found a cure for over-acting.



And as I listened to his parents discuss how to handle this anomaly, I started to foresee my boyfriend's future. The discovery of Mr. Burr slumbering under this suburban lawn would no doubt bring widespread media attention to my boyfriend and his family.





And then my boyfriend would become a national celebrity. He would become a guest on late night talk shows. He'd be picked up by Madison Avenue and made a spokesperson for some product aimed at young people. He'd probably be escorting starlets to movie premieres. And become regular fodder for the tabloid press.

So, late one night I dug up Mr. Burr, pounded a stake through his heart, and reburied the chamber but padded the soil a bit so the depression didn't show. His parents forgot all about digging up the spot to investigate. But a month later my boyfriend and I broke up anyway, so I learned a valuable lesson.

Once I figure out what that lesson was, I'll let you know.



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